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IMPERIAL LIBERTY

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED TO THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF

HANOVER COLLEGE,

JUNE 6, 1898,

BY

HARVEY W. WILEY, PH.D., LL.D.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. :
CHEMICAL PUBLISHING CO.
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HANOVER, IND., March 21, 1898.

DR. H. W. WILEY, Washington, D. C.

Dear Dr. Wiley: Again at old Hanover we are making arrangements for Commencement speakers. I have been appointed by the Literary Societies to write you asking if we can secure you to deliver the address before these Societies. This address is delivered on Monday evening preceding Commencement.

I need not tell you how we will appreciate an affirmative answer from you regarding this matter.

Very sincerely,

GEO. T. GUNTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 23, 1898.

MR. GEO. T. GUNTER, Hanover, Ind.

My Dear Sir: It gives me pleasure to accept your very kind invitation, on the part of the Literary Societies, to give the annual address before them during Commencement week.

One of the greatest pleasures to which I look forward annually is to be at Hanover during the period of Commencement. I thank you very kindly for the appreciation which you show in asking me to deliver this address, and shall enjoy the pleasure of meeting you and other loyal Hanoverians at that time. I am,

Sincerely,

H. W. WILEY.

THE UNION LITERARY SOCIETY,
Founded December 2, 1830.

THE PHILALATHEAN SOCIETY,
Founded November 5, 1840.

THE ZETELATHEAN SOCIETY,
Founded October, 1880.

THE CHRESTOMATHEAN SOCIETY,
Founded February, 1888.

IMPERIAL LIBERTY.

A small nation in an insular position may easily and properly hold itself aloof from international policies. A great nation on an undeveloped continent may also devote itself solely to the task of subduing forests and plowing prairies. The American people, from the Revolution and up to the commencement of the Civil War, was essentially a nation of tree-killers and sod-breakers. To it the world was practically composed of that portion of the North American Continent forming the United States and Territories of America. Liberty was the very essence of the life of the pioneer. Freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom to devastate forests, freedom to appropriate the almost illimitable grazing lands of the bison he assumed as his natural right. In proportion to his love of liberty was his hatred of all its opposites ; social and political restraint, hereditary political

power, proximity of despotic domination and state churches. Busy with his contest with Nature, and surrounded with untouched areas of expansion, he was naturally indifferent to the world at large. These peculiar conditions were realized by the fathers of the Republic and led to that enunciation of political independence which went beyond even the immortal declaration which resulted in the separation of the colonies from the mother country.

The wisdom and prudence of this independence are now easily recognized by everyone and the light of history throws a wonderful illumination on the sagacity, wisdom and prescience of the fathers. We now see clearly the path pointed out by the founders of the Republic leading away from entangling alliances with the nations of the old world, proclaiming our neutrality, not indifference, to their struggles, to their successes and defeats. Our early years saw, it is true, with unconcealed satisfaction, the progress of the French Revolution, but without condoning its excesses. It was not, perhaps, a proper exhibition of gratitude to approve the downfall of

a kingdom which had lent us such valuable assistance in securing our own independence. We were not blind, however, to the motives which led Louis the XVI. to send his ships and soldiers to our shores. It was not love of liberty but hatred of Great Britain. This we can say without detracting anything from the glory of his subjects, who, by reason of their love for our cause, voluntarily offered their services and their lives to it. These men, immortal, live in the hearts and affections of our people, typified in the devotion and heroism of Lafayette.

In a decade after the achievement of our own liberty, we saw the king who had helped attain it, sacrificed to the despotism of the Terror, and a new nation arise on the ruins of royalty. But restrained by the policies which we had inaugurated, our sympathies took no further form than a lively satisfaction in seeing a people long oppressed and naturally devoted to liberty, acquire their rights. We cared little about the way in which they exercised them.

At this period our attitude was clearly defined

by Washington, in his farewell address, in the following words :

“ Observe good faith and justice towards all nations ; cultivate peace and harmony with all ; religion and morality enjoin this conduct ; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it ? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it ? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue ? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas ! is it rendered impossible by its vices ?

* * * * *

“ The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little connec-

tion as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

“ Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have no, or a very remote, relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

“ Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient Government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance ; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected ; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation ; when we may choose

peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

“ Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

“ It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood of being capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary, and would be unwise to extend them.”

At this time, no one doubts the wisdom of the parting words which Washington spoke. The policy outlined by him was the only course of safety. A young republic separated by 60 days

of precarious sailing from European nations and with great social and economical problems of its own, was in a fit condition to receive such sage advice so happily phrased. The steamship and the electric cable have, however, changed all this. We are now far closer to Europe than was Virginia to Massachusetts in 1796. Our matutinal meal is not complete without the daily record of events the world over. Dewey's victory in Manila Bay is even known 12 hours before it occurs.

Meanwhile, changes greater than the elimination of time and space have taken place in the little nation to which Washington addressed his adieus. A giant has spread over the continent. The vast possessions which France and Spain held on this continent in 1796 have been absorbed, and in the purchase of Alaska the flag of the Republic was planted nearly 180 degrees west of Moose Cape. Domestic and foreign trade have increased as rapidly as extent of territory and number of population. One hundred and twenty years of republican rule have shown the stability and adhesiveness of our form

of government. We have quit killing trees and commenced to plant them. We no longer hunt the bison but carefully herd the few that remain. The indigenous Indian population has practically disappeared. Our people, no longer insular, have become cosmopolitan. Europe looks to our farmers for food and to our travelers for tips. We know far more of the people, the policies and the attainments of other nations than they do of us. Outside of the City of New York, you will scarcely find a trace of provincialism in the whole country. We can name the capitals, the rivers, the principles of government and the great men of all nations. We know more of Germany than the Germans, and far more of Spain than the Spanish. The impress of this nation is keenly felt in every board of trade and in every council chamber of the world.

It is easy to insulate an electric current of a few ohms and this was the current of this country as measured by the galvanometer of George Washington. But what becomes of this insulation when the intensity of the current is measured by the thousands of ohms? Such is the current of our

country now. This great electrical current of liberty, directly or by induction, now causes the whole earth to vibrate and from every point its luminous streams light up the world.

The essence of Washington's farewell address is found in the admonition that we were to be a good little boy who should be content with his own playthings and not go across the street and bother the other boys. But it was not long before Monroe proclaimed the doctrine that this boy should be master of his own backyard and all alleys and approaches thereto. In fact, the good little boy of Washington's time had already begun to swagger under Monroe. With the first feelings of manhood experienced by this youth, came the consciousness of a reserved strength and the sense of a limited imperialism. The extent of his empire at first was only part of a continent, but it soon felt itself expanding and, as finally formulated by President Monroe, it embraced two continents and a whole hemisphere. This imperialism, it is true, did not contemplate national aggrandizement at the expense of neighboring nations. It was simply a

sullen and yet subtle notice to all the world that a new empire had arisen in the West, whose influence was dominant in the three Americas. The advance of this doctrine over the conservatism of Washington must have been startling to the thousands, still living at that time, who were contemporary with the American Revolution. The dominancy of the United States in affairs pertaining to the Western Hemisphere was clearly stated in the message of President Monroe, of December 2, 1823. Following are the memorable words of that message which marked the first great step onward from the policy of complete insulation advocated by Washington :

“ We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have

declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States. * * * * “Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy, meeting in all instances the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to these continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endanger-

ing our peace and happiness ; nor can anyone believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference. If we look to the comparative strength and resources of Spain and those new Governments, and their distance from each other, it must be obvious that she can never subdue them.”

At the present time, one of the most interesting things connected with the Monroe Doctrine is seen in the fact that its promulgation was hastened by the efforts of Spain to subdue the revolt which was in existence in many of her former colonies. This was particularly true of Mexico. It is evident that Spain at that epoch manifested the same impotency in repressing rebellion that she has shown in more modern times. It was evident to Monroe that Spain could never reestablish her authority, but had she been able to, notice was given that it would not be allowed. It is true that during our Civil War, France fastened an Emperor on Mexico. As soon as that

struggle was over, however, a hundred thousand veterans were mobilized in the Southwest and had not the pathetic career of Maximilian terminated of its own moribund character, this country would soon have brought it to an end. It, perhaps, was no mere chance which led Monroe to compare the resources of our country at that time with those of the first days of the Republic in the same message in which the paramount interests of our country in the Western Hemisphere were so clearly set forth. To him this marvelous expansion was, without doubt, the chief reason for asserting our rights to first place on the continent. His words, copied from the same message, are as follows :

“ If we compare the present condition of our Union with its actual state at the close of our Revolution, the history of the world furnishes no example of a progress in improvement in all the important circumstances which constitute the happiness of a nation which bears any resemblance to it. At the first epoch our population did not exceed 3,000,000. By the last census it amounted to about 10,000,000, and, what is more

extraordinary, it is almost altogether native, for the immigration from other countries has been inconsiderable. At the first epoch half the territory within our acknowledged limits was uninhabited and a wilderness. Since then new territory has been acquired of vast extent, comprising within it many rivers, particularly the Mississippi, the navigation of which to the ocean was of the highest importance to the original States. Over this territory our population has expanded in every direction, and new States have been established almost equal in number to those which formed the first bond of our Union. This expansion of our population and accession of new States to our Union have had the happiest effect on all its highest interests. That it has eminently augmented our resources and added to our strength and respectability as a power is admitted by all. But it is not in these important circumstances only that this happy effect is felt. It is manifest that by enlarging the basis of our system and increasing the number of States the system itself has been greatly strengthened in both its branches. Consolida-

tion and disunion have thereby been rendered equally impracticable. Each Government, confiding in its own strength, has less to apprehend from the other, and in consequence each, enjoying a greater freedom of action, is rendered more efficient for all the purposes for which it was instituted."

It is interesting to note that at the time President Monroe wrote this message, our population had increased more than threefold; namely, from three to ten millions. Now when the occasion has arisen for us to assume a broader, truly cosmopolitan leadership, our numbers have increased over the time of Monroe nearly sevenfold. In population, in resources, in influence, we thus see our history clearly divided into three periods, each with its fixed policy and set purpose; namely, first, the period of Washington, three millions, the policy of isolation; second, the period of Monroe, ten millions, the policy of continental hegemony; third, the period of McKinley, seventy millions, the policy of world impress.

Let me define, if possible, the idea which is

conveyed by the above postulates. I do not come as a modern Chauvin, a blind worshiper of the New World Emperor. But the idea which late events has ripened into a conviction in my mind is that liberty is the true emperor, who must eventually rule all nations. The Roman Republic was never in its first state anything more than a military despotism. We must not forget that our ancestors never fought with Caesar, but against him. Whether they were with Arminius in the Teutoburg wood, with the warriors who went from the orchards of Normandy to battle with Vercingetorix on the hills of Alesia or with Cassivelaunus fighting in the fogs of the Thames, they were always barbarians fighting the great giant of the Tiber.

In so far as the northern barbarians indeed were concerned, the Romans never made a complete conquest of them. The remains of the Roman fortifications on the high hills overlooking Wiesbaden probably mark the most northern point of permanent occupation. The victory of Hermann over Varus was the turning-point in Roman conquest of the North, and prevented

the barbarians of Northwestern Europe from becoming Latinized, as were the Gauls, and to a certain extent the Britons. With fine satire, and yet with great truth, Heine describes the influence of this battle upon the German race.

Behold the wood of Teutoburg,
Described in Tacitus' pages;
Behold the classical marsh, wherein
Stuck Varus, in past ages.

Had Hermann with his light-hair'd hordes
Not triumph'd here over the foeman,
Then German freedom had come to an end,
We had each been turned to a Roman.

Nought but Roman language and manners had
now

Our native country ruled over,
In Munich lived Vestals, the Swabians e'en
As Quirites have flourish'd in clover !

Thank heaven ! The Romans were driven away,
A glorious triumph was Hermann's ;
Both Varus and all his legions succumb'd,
And we remain'd still Germans !

Strange as it may seem, to-day the descendants of Caesar's legions are pitted against the sons of these barbarians, in Manila Bay, in Cuba, and in the Caribbean Sea. With rude bows and clubs and with shields of ox-hide, our

fathers acquitted themselves like men, and their sons to-day, with 13-inch rifles and Gattling guns and shields of Harveyized steel, feel still the dogged determination of two thousand years ago.

No longer, however, are we barbarians. We are grateful to thee, Great Caesar, for teaching us the arts of war and the arts of peace. Apt scholars you found in the half-wild men clad in the skins of wild animals, O Caesar! Rude and untutored were the barbarians you found north of the Alps, in Northern Gaul and in Britain. But you yourself have said it. You found them brave, eager to fight for freedom, ready to die for it. Beaten, our ancestors were, not conquered. They endured the Roman sovereignty long enough to absorb of it what was good, but not long enough to be infected with its germs of decay. The day of the delivery came at last; the day of decay of the Tiberian tyranny; the day when the great Römisches Reich toppled to its fall. The barbarians are now the leaders of civilization, the sappers and miners of invention, the treasure and safeguard of Christian progress.

They are the true lovers of liberty. Among them only are found a perfect toleration, a basic belief that reason, judgment, and sound instinct are to be trusted rather than force, repression and inquisition to secure the onward march of the right.

Of these barbarians, those who finally occupied Great Britain and the continent of North America, have achieved the most perfect emancipation. Unfortunately, our brethren who fought with Arminius learned too much from the Romans. They are imbued with the idea that the great empire of Caesar is not destroyed, but that its seat has been moved from the Tiber to the Spree. Admirable are these barbarians of the western north of Europe. Learning, civilization, the arts of peace, have found a marvelous expansion among them. But above all, have they learned the art of war and carried it to a perfection of which their great master Caesar never dreamed. All liberty they have learned and loved, but political liberty they have given up in exchange for imperial power and imperial pomp. This great people, therefore, great in in-

tellest, great in invention, great in all the arts of progress, has deliberately renounced the right it might well have claimed from its barbaric record, to be the flag bearer and defender of the liberty of the world.

Quite different has been the policy of the barbarians in Great Britain. Once free of the Roman yoke, no other has been allowed but lightly to press their necks. Pursuing an imperial policy, England has made almost the whole world her empire. We are full of admiration for the achievements of those barbarians, nearest us in blood and purpose. There we find enterprise that never sleeps, industry that never tires, purpose that never wavers, courage that never quails and endurance that is never exhausted. The blunt Briton impresses alike with his unswerving purpose, the ice fields of the Yukon and the burning deserts of Africa. With the reins of power which follow in every direction the paths of her commerce, England holds securely the steeds of empire the world over.

But even with all this, and no one denies how

much it is, England is not quite ready to be hailed as the universal harbinger of liberty. Free, her people are, in religion, in the arts, in trade and in politics, but still in the thrall of the fiction of heredity. True it is that it is pomp and not power which descends from father to son, and practically England is free, free as the United States. Unfortunately, the monarchy has been endeared, not only to the English but to the world, by the benignant reign of the peerless Queen whose throne is—

“ Broad based upon her people’s will
And compassed by the inviolate sea.”

But the Queen, good and revered as she is, is not England’s ruler. The gentlemen who are addressed second in the Queen’s speeches, who go up with the votes of the people and sit beneath the Gothic arches of Westminster are the sovereigns of England. Only a few days ago, the *de facto* King of England and Emperor of India for four terms bowed his majestic head to death at Hawarden Castle, and the nation, moved to its depths, with one voice decreed an imperial funeral to his remains in the sacred sepulchre of kings.

What a lesson for the world, could England peacefully see her way with reverence for history and heredity, but with devotion to duty and to progress, to set aside the semblance of imperial power and place her crown, not upon her king's, but upon her people's brow ! We would not have a second Cromwell and a second James; not a protector who became despot, and a monarch headless, but a majestic purpose of the people, a grateful acquiescence of the crown to the inevitable march of events. In this one minor fault only does England fail in that leadership which is imperative to bear the banner of liberty in the vanguard of progress and proclaim the new message of emancipated man to all the nations of the world.

Where else then but to America shall the world look for that direction which is necessary for continued progress ? The march of events, the progress of time, the inevitable selection of a captain, without our seeking, without our asking, in fact against our protest, has designated this nation as the evangel of the new gospel of political liberty for all men.

One patent fact in this connection is worthy of especial attention. We have seen directed to our shores for a hundred years, streams of immigration from all quarters of the earth. From Ireland and Germany at times these streams have been almost rivers. From England, Scotland, Italy, Hungary, the influx of immigrants has been large. In fact, there is not a nation of any magnitude which is not represented among our people. At first, immigrants from any nation naturally seek the same localities. In the midst of other languages they are forced by necessity as well as genetic ties, into partly isolated communities. Except in some instances, however, the isolation of these communities breaks down under the stress of commerce and education. The parents remain characteristic representatives of the land from which they came, save in filial allegiance. In a vast majority of cases the formality of forswearing allegiance to a foreign power and assuming citizenship in America is not mere form. It comes from the heart and is a choice as well as a political convenience. Our naturalized citizens, as a rule, yield nothing in

allegiance and loyalty to our native born. Retaining, naturally, an affection for their fatherland, it is the love of early associations, of relatives and friends rather than a love of political institutions.

But the children born under our flag are no longer foreign. While able to understand the language of their parents, they never make it their mother tongue. In the school and on the street they assimilate the real spirit of our youth. They become thoroughly amalgamated and absorbed.

We thus have no fear of the impress of the foreign element on our Anglo-Saxon type. The dominant race not only preserves its primacy, but easily absorbs all the outer elements which, left in their entirety and to natural increase, might imperil its sovereignty.

But are we Anglo-Saxon? "Norman and Saxon and Dande are we," sang Tennyson in his welcome to the Princess of Wales, "but all of us Danes in our welcome to thee." So may we say, English, Scotch, Irish, German, Dutch are we, but all of us Americans in our welcome to

thee, Liberty! In purpose, in speech, in love of liberty are we one.

After all, language is the great unifier and amalgamator. Racial characteristics, eccentricities of heredity, pronounced variations from the genetic type, all tend to disappear under the influence of a common environment. And of all factors which go to give force and activity to environment, language is the most potent. The philologist seeks in the remains of a language the racial characteristics of peoples long since extinct. Ties of relationship between nations are traced, not so much by the shape of the nose or the angle of the forehead with the face, as in common words and common forms of expression, or in words which have survived from earlier dates. The dominant influence of the Latin tongue, on the language of Italy, France, and Spain, is at once evident to the student of philology, but how clearly are brought before us the incidents of the Roman conquest when we go among the peasants of the North of France. Here we find, strongest perhaps of all nations, the spirit of *locum tenens*. The French peasant

loves the land of his birth, the spot where his fathers have lived from prehistoric times. In the amalgamation of the Roman conquest, the Latin language, modified by local dialects, became dominant. In the long period of retrogression and transformation which followed the decline of the Roman Empire, these people still held their place. There they are to-day with no desire to travel, content with simple lives of labor, and moved only by the spirit of patriotism and military duty to leave their home. Once the term of service is passed, the peasant soldier returns to the fertile fields, the object of his love and the solace of his days. Among these people there still survive many purely Latin words. For instance, I heard there two years ago *gallina* constantly used instead of *poulet*. Such facts seem to illustrate, in a most striking way, the potency of language in the environment of a people.

For this reason, a broader view leads us to regard as the dominant race of political and religious liberty, not so much one bounded by geographical lines as one speaking the great tongue

of liberty, the English language. Here is one language of the world which has never been associated with despotism, one which has never been the vehicle of blind excesses, anarchy and communism. Here again Destiny has made America the banner-bearer of English-speaking people. Over seventy million people speak English in the United States ; scarcely twenty millions speak English in England. The traveler in London is surprised to find dialects, almost unintelligible, spoken by vast multitudes of people. The fishermen have a jargon of their own, likewise the longshoremen and the costers. The cockney dialect is only English by courtesy. The language of Shakespeare is scarcely known along the business banks of the Thames. The county dialects are more foreign. In Yorkshire you hear little English. The language of Wales is a heterogeneous mixture of double "l"s and less liquid consonants. Scotland—well you have read Burns and the Bonnie Brier Bush, or perhaps, as I have, read at them. Ireland is Irish, except in New York, where it is official. England, the birthplace of Shakespeare, and the

birthplace of the old Bible, is not an English-speaking country. But here it is different. It is true we have forms of expression which are not found in Shakespeare or the Bible, perhaps not heard even in the House of Commons. There is a drawl and a nasal twang heard among the hills of New Hampshire and in the meadows of Maine. The classical reduplication of the Greek verb may be discerned in the speech of the Pennsylvania Dutch. The old English of Jamestown in 1607, may be heard mellowed by the musical intonations imported from Africa, along the Rapidan and the Rappahannock. The vowelful and mellifluous periods of the Creole are noticeable in Florida and the New Arcadia of Louisiana. The broncho and his rough rider have made an impress on the speech of New Mexico and Arizona. The Mexican and the Spaniard are still in evidence in the language which greets you at the Golden Gate. Even in Indiana I am told there are peculiarities of dialect which might seem strange to the ears of President Eliot and Josiah Quincy. Our own honored and loved Edward Eggleston and James

Whitcomb Riley have caught these vanishing touches of local expression and fixed them in a literature valued to-day for its faithfulness to fact, and which will be prized to-morrow for its historical treasures.

But wherever you go in this broad land, from Lake Memphremagog to Bayou T  che, or from the Dry Tortugas to " Shasta's summit thatched with snow," whether you join the spirit of the fair Alfaretta and glide down the blue current of the Juniata or wander in the moonlight on the " banks of the Wabash far away," you will hear good English, English heard and understood by all English-speaking people. No strange jargon greets your ears, no unintelligible remnant of languages which have had their day, no impenetrable walls of speech, callous and pachydermic, but good, wholesome English fit for the king, binding this great nation with a tie stronger than the selfishness of commerce, firmer than the bonds of political union, more lasting even than the constitution itself. How rapidly the arteries of travel and the community of interests abolish localisms of speech, you all know. There can

be no permanent dialect where there are five express trains each way every day.

While we love our country, we are not rooted in the soil. Our country is not a town, nor even a county or state. It is America from the most western tip of the Aleutian Islands to the most eastern sand bar of Maine. Over those 8,000 miles, one language, one flag, one country. The primacy of liberty is therefore first of all Anglican and includes in its sovereignty every English-speaking man, whether loyal subject of the Queen, or a king in his own right under the stars and stripes.

We are not surprised at Chamberlain, therefore, when he proclaims the unavoidable union which must sooner or later take place between the overgrown daughter and the noble mother. This unity is inevitable, because two nations speaking the same tongue, loving the same liberty, pursuing the same destiny, must have a common aim and purpose. This union need not be political. The time may even yet come when, arrayed as hostile armies, Americans may meet Englishmen on bloody fields. These are

incidents of passing complications. They will not interfere with manifest destiny.

We cannot stop here to discuss the details of the Anglo-American alliance. There may be no details. There may be no open union, but the hidden union already exists ; its springs cannot be destroyed ; its purpose cannot be thwarted ; its service to mankind cannot be prevented. Resistant, selfish, grasping, the Englishman may be ; courageous and brave he is of a verity. Ruler of a vaster empire than Alexander, or Caesar or Napoleon ever dreamed of, we may pardon his pride and his arrogance. But when we cut through those well-lined pockets, when we get within that mail of pride and power, when we reach his heart, we find he loves liberty ; he is ready to fight for fair play ; he is eager to establish justice, and above all, he speaks English. Imagine the banner of liberty carried by a Russian or a Czech ! Freedom would be strangled by all their “ wiches ” and “ ows.” Koerner and Heine did all that genius could to make German the speech of freedom. But alas ! it has become the vehicle of an almost

absolute imperialism, and within ten years, more than five thousand people have been sent to jail for speaking disrespectfully of the Emperor. Grand and great as the German people are, they have tied their hands and feet and they falter in the race. Bullets and bayonets, sabres dangling on the sidewalks and uniforms strutting along the streets, are regnant everywhere. Not liberty but the Kaiser's coat is the sacred emblem of Germany.

In France we find more favorable conditions, but they are not constant. Within a hundred years we have seen there two empires, two kingdoms, two republics, and one commune. The Marseillaise is sung both by the republican and the petroleuse. License often is found hand in hand with liberty. The memorable words of Danton, "audace, encore audace, toujours audace," too often portray the nation's actions. Leaders of literature, masters of arts, founders of science, purveyors of beauty and sentiment, the French neither by quality nor power nor locality, are suited to lead the legions of freedom. The claims of minor nations to freedom's pri-

macy are not to be considered. Without any hope of a ruling influence, hampered by history, handicapped by heredity, they can only look on and approve or disapprove, indifferently, while the emancipation of the world goes on. So by direct search, by the markings of manifest destiny and by exclusion do we arrive at the same end and find ourselves appointed without our will, possibly against our desires, to the primacy of catholic liberty.

Unconsciously have we drifted towards our determined destiny. Even after a state of war was proclaimed between this country and Spain, our people failed to realize its full meaning. To us it appeared a war of forced philanthropy, food for starving women and children, peace and stability to a devastated island. Our proposed philanthropy only served at first to cut off from starving thousands the pittance of food which they were receiving. If the tales of suffering before the declaration of war be true, what must now be the depths of misery among the dying reconcentrados of Cuba?

Suddenly our dreams of benevolence are dissi-

pated by news from Manila. Far to the west, where the days divide and the west becomes east, Dewey, *fato profugus*, far more than was Aeneas of old, by a brilliant dash and victory, planted the standard of republican independence on the arsenal of Cavite. At first we felt only the exhilaration of the most remarkable victory ever achieved by arms. Scarcely had the thrill of exultation died away before a new sensation, strange to the hearts of Americans, asserted itself. It arose in response to the universal question: Shall the flag of freedom once planted ever be replaced by an emblem of despotism? From all quarters of the land came a universal negative as an answer. It is scarcely possible that any forces, however conservative, shall be able to resist this new and yet majestic instinct of empire.

I have no sympathy with mere Fourth of July froth, nor with the screeching eagle, nor the bombastic boasts of voiceful orators. Fireworks and roman candles, high pitched periods and resonant phrases, boasts and bombast, banter and buncombe have their uses and serve at least to amuse where they fail to instruct or

enthuse. While I think our people are brave, bravery is also found elsewhere. Under the standards of depotism men fight with the same devotion, the same lofty courage, the same daring and exposure as in the cause of freedom. In fact, for many reasons devotion to the king or the emperor is a more unifying principle than devotion to a principle or a cause. The personal devotion to the leader counts as a prime factor in the winning of the battle.

The imperialism of Napoleon was based on the personal devotion of his soldiers. His ashes still inspire the French soldier, whose love for the great Emperor has never been more forcibly illustrated than in the German of Heine. What more pathetic picture was ever portrayed by pen than that of the two grenadiers, released from a Russian prison, wearily walking back to France to learn of the captivity of the Emperor.

Two grenadiers travel'd tow'rds France one day,
 On leaving their prison in Russia,
 And sadly they hung their heads in dismay
 When they reach'd the frontiers of Prussia.

For there they first heard the story of woe,
 That France had utterly perish'd,

The grand army had met with an overthrow,
 They had captured their Emperor cherish'd.

Then both of the grenadiers wept full sore
 At hearing the terrible story ;
 And one of them said : "Alas! once more
 " My wounds are bleeding and gory."

The other one said : " The game's at an end,
 " With thee I would die right gladly,
 "But I've wife and child, whom at home I should tend,
 " For without me they'll fare but badly.

" What matters my child, what matters my wife?
 " A heavier care has arisen ;
 " Let them beg, if they're hungry, all their life,—
 " My Emperor sighs in a prison.

" Dear brother, pray grant me this one last prayer :
 " If my hours I now must number,
 " O take my corpse to my country fair,
 " That there it may peacefully slumber.

" The legion of honor, with ribbon red,
 " Upon my bosom place thou,
 " And put in my hand my musket dread,
 " And my sword around me brace thou.

" And so in my grave will I silently lie,
 " And watch like a guard o'er the forces,
 " Until the roaring of cannon hear I,
 " And the trampling of neighing horses.

" My Emperor then will ride over my grave,
 " While the swords glitter brightly and rattle,
 " Then armed to the teeth will I rise from the grave,
 " For my Emperor hasting to battle!"—

And what more impressive event in history than the procession of the veterans of a dozen wars, escorting the Emperor's dead body under the Arch of Triumph, along the Champs Elysées to the gilded dome of the Invalides! Heine alone has painted the true picture of that historical event.

Yes, I myself his funeral saw,
The golden carriage so splendid,
And victory's golden goddesses,
Who the golden coffin attended.

Along the famous Champs Elysées,
Through the Arc de Triomphe stately,
Across the mist and over the snow,
The procession wended sedately.

The music was painful and out of tune,
And frozen was every musician ;
The eagles perch'd over the standards look'd down
Upon me in woeful condition.

In ghostly fashion the men all appear'd,
All lost in old recollections,—
The wondrous imperial dream revived,
Awakening olden affections.

I wept on that day. Tears rose in my eyes,
And down my cheeks fast fled,
When I heard the long-vanished loving shout
Of "Vive l'Empereur!" repeated.

This personal devotion is a factor not to be despised in the cementation of men for great pur-

poses and great achievements. Caesar's success was due not only to his overmastering ability, but also to the love he inspired among his legions. To-day even the most democratic and irreverent of us stand with uncovered heads in the presence of the personal representative of delegated and autocratic power. What loyal citizen would not show a becoming deference for the President of the United States? Who could stand in the presence of the Russian Czar or the German Emperor without a commendable and respectful awe? This does not imply, by any means, an approval of their principles of government. But in the Russian Czar is found the sole source of leadership and government of a mighty and numerous people, and in the German Emperor we find also practically autocratic authority. Happy the people, whose unhappy lot dooms them to despotism,—to have placed over them men who seek their welfare, and who, in the sense of responsibility to Heaven, administer the affairs of government! Such appear now to be the men who rule the destinies of Russia and Germany.

But in our country this adhesiveness to heredity is wanting. The man in power to-day becomes the plain citizen of to-morrow. You may find in the Court House at Indianapolis, eloquently pleading the cause of his client, a former President of the United States. Driving along the Academic Shades of Princeton, enjoying still the strength of manhood and of intellectual power, another President may be found, living in bucolic simplicity.

We cannot pin our allegiance to a Governor or to a President, but, nevertheless, we are not an incoherent people. The strength of our Union has already been put to the severest test. It is more lasting, more binding, more vivifying to-day than ever before.

But we are not without a bond of union, nor wholly devoid of that strength which comes from a common object of love. Liberty in our nation takes the place of Cæsar, Napoleon, Imperialism. In the banner which is our visible emblem, we daily salute her. There is no mere sentimentality in our love for the flag. It is no jingo patriotism which asks that it float over

every public building and every schoolhouse of the land. It is no mere exacerbation of nervous tension which at this time moves an American audience to rise and cheer when the band plays the "Star Spangled Banner." Think of all that this simple bunting means, not only to us, but also to the people of the world ; liberty of church, liberty of state, liberty of action, liberty of thought. The censor is permitted in time of war, but only to judge of items of news that might prove useful to the enemy. Imagine a censor, in time of perfect peace, dictating to an American author or to an American editor what he should publish !

Even the censor of Europe, while he may seize books and repress newspapers, cannot control the thought of the people. Quite wittily has Heine shown the impossibility of censorship in his humorous description of his experiences in entering Germany after a residence of many years in France. Speaking of the customs officers who are looking for contraband books, he says :

They poked their noses in everything,
 Each handkerchief, shirt, and stocking;
 They sought for jewels, prohibited books,
 And lace, with a rudeness quite shocking.

Ye fools, so closely to search my trunk!
 Ye will find in it really nothing;
 My contraband goods I carry about
 In my head, not hid in my clothing.

Point lace is there, that's finer far
 Than Brussels or Mechlin laces;
 If once I unpack my point, 'twill prick
 And cruelly scratch your faces.

In my head I carry my jewelry all,
 The Future's crown-diamonds splendid,
 The new-gods temple-ornaments rich,
 The god not yet comprehended.

And many books also you'd see in my head,
 If the top were only off it!
 My head is a twittering bird's nest, full
 Of books that they gladly would forfeit.

This imperial liberty regnant to-day is not permeated with the thirst for conquest. We have no vain ambition for territorial aggrandizement, no desire for military glory in itself. The duties which are imposed upon us by the destiny of liberty do not intoxicate but make us sober. Modestly we bow our heads in recognition of the

leadership to which we have not aspired, but which we cannot avoid.

Grave complications present themselves in respect of our relations to other nations. The words of the fathers, quoted at first, have come to us with a deeper and truer meaning. Our desire is still, as ever, to form no entangling alliances ; to cultivate the good will and friendship of all nations. The war which is now waging is not one of conquest, neither can it be one of relinquishment. We seek no conquests in foreign lands. We dare not leave again to misrule and anarchy any spot where the fortunes of war have placed our flag. Sober, firm of purpose, true to our traditions, we go forth to fight, not the battles of the nation, but for the liberty of the world. Brave we believe our soldiers and sailors to be ; brave are the foemen whom they meet. Unequal is the contest, but our foemen are not to be despised. Without hatred, without envy, we battle. In our hearts the great purpose of the ages ; in our hands the flag of imperial liberty.



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